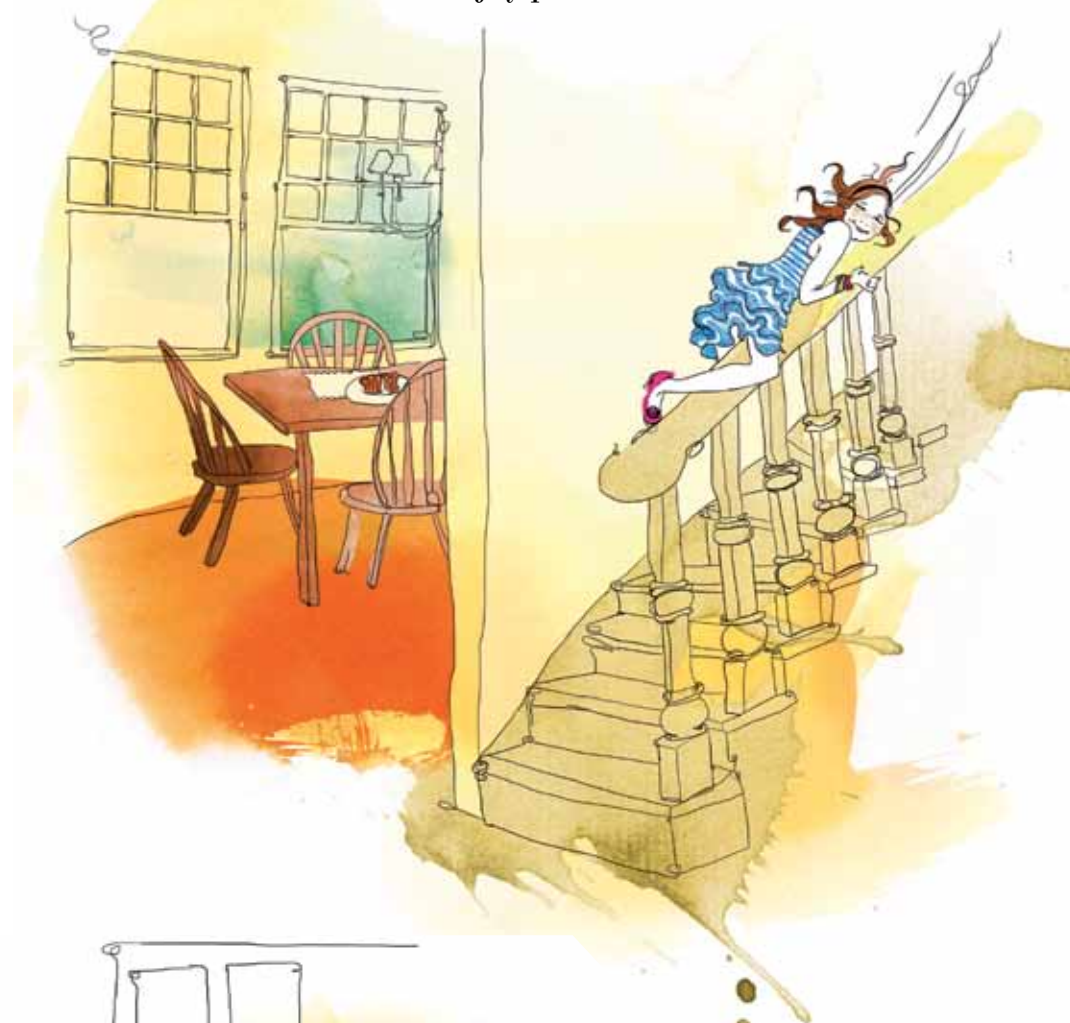


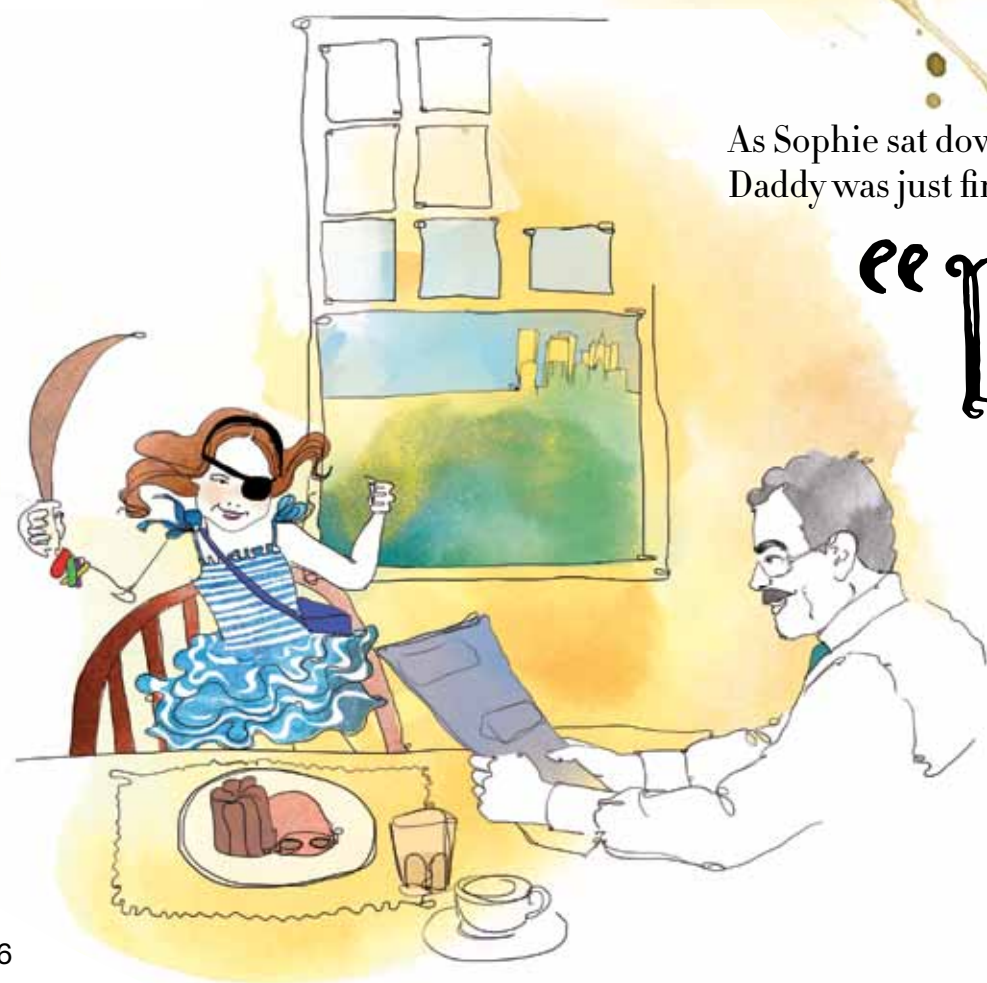
One bright and sunny summer morning, SOPHIE ANNE stretched her arms out wide and popped out of bed like a jumping bean. She slipped on her favorite Ralph Lauren seersucker sundress and her Tory Burch Reva flats, and slid downstairs on the railing where she headed to the kitchen to enjoy pastries from Balthazar with her family.



As Sophie sat down in her seat, her larger-than-life Daddy was just finishing up his breakfast.

“DADDY!

*Let's fly kites in the park,
and then go sailing! We can
pretend we are pirates
traveling the open seas!*”



“I wish I could spend every minute of the day with you,” Sophie’s daddy said. “But I have to go to work.”

“If only I could be with Daddy all day long,” thought Sophie.
“Then we could have **FUN AT WORK TOGETHER, TOO!**



Sophie skipped out of the house and opened the door. She slid into the backseat of her daddy’s Mercedes and hid under his crisp Burberry overcoat just as she heard his footsteps.

“I can’t wait to get to Daddy’s office.”

As the car traveled into New York City, Sophie giggled,

"This ride is

BUMPY!

It's like riding a stagecoach in the Wild West!"





They arrived at the **SKY-HIGH BUILDING** where her daddy ran a publishing company and every floor was home to a different, yet equally fabulous, magazine.

Sophie's daddy was greeted by an impeccably dressed man in a Louis Vuitton cloak, which served as an excellent hiding place as she tiptoed inside behind them.



Sophie ran towards the sleek and beautiful elevators, ready to explore.

“Time to surprise Daddy!”

WAIT, WHERE DID HE GO?”

Sophie looked from side to side and then stepped through the shiny metal doors.

*“I will press any button and see where I go!
Hello, Sir Elevator, please take me to the
12TH FLOOR!”*

The elevator whooshed with the speed of a time machine, and then...

